

Something funny happened on the way to the completion of this issue. All the playaz became big, big pussies and didn't write anything (Naimark starting building houses in Tibet so he had a valid excuse). What exactly happened will never be known but Dean and I became amazingly tourged at doing an entire Rippa/Rasmussen issue and we could stretch the requests over several issues. If you can't stand either one of us, we suggest checking back on about August 25 or so when the next issue will finally come out.

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!There's no turning back now- I'm under attack now- I see the skies are open
And I hear the word spoken- SINGLES GOING STEADY You only perceive
what you believe- You need only believe to believe- What do you know?- What do you know?
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BARRY WINDHAM/ DUSTIN RHODES vs. LARRY ZBYSKO/ STEVE AUSTIN (WCW-Superbrawl '92 - 2/29/92)
(by DEAN RASMUSSEN)

I wake up after going to a party twice at two different times after having a long day of doing child-based activities - including watching the first half of the beloved and invincible ARENA2 Richmond Speed maul some chumps from New Haven called the Ninjas- as if they were actual ninjas and Richmond was renamed the Richmond Tito Ortizs. They could not find enough air vents to crawl through to escape the jacked up adrenaline overdrive of the Men Of Speed who destroyed them 62-20. My daughter was sleepy so we left after the first half when it was merely a kneebar at 29-14- as opposed to the complete choke-out at the end. We got those annoying blow-up clapper things as we walked in the door- as it was youth night and giving children loud annoying things is a great American tradition and lemme tell you- THOSE THINGS RULE. I annoyed my daughter and those sitting around me for as long as I could and then I gave them back to my daughter and she annoyed me and those sitting around us until she tired of it. It's amazing how much ear-piercing noise you can make with those if you really try. Either way, Drew Bees has Local Hero written all over him and he could be to Richmond local sports what Chico Diaz was the the Tidewater Tides when I was 6- a hero to some children while living in absolute obscurity. So I wake up a little late and take a shower and wait for the beloved wife to get the hell off the phone so I can do some research on this match. Rippa or Schneider is the guy who usually remembers the intricacies of any given angle at any given time in Us wrestling, so I opt to call Rippa- since Rippa will surely get sidetracked but Schneider will get sidetracked and THEN want to argue for two hours about the placement of Osako on the 500.

So anyway I call Rippa and try to get the backstory of this match but he's watching the Statmark tape and I can't sidetrack him from that until we get sidetracked to the New York Giants book that I found at the library sale at

Bon Air library that I sent him with the Statmark tape. The book is from 1971 and was only 50 cents- yet the memories are priceless. He thinks the story was that they are trying to break Zbysko's hand in response to the Enforcers busting up Wyndham's hand after the Enforcers pulled up in a convertible and Ricky Steamboat took Wyndham's place and then the Dangerous Alliance was formed and led to this match. Then I sidetrack Phil into talking about the pictures in the Giants book and mentions the picture of Rosie Grier. I become baffled because I thought Grier played for the Rams or

the Lions or something so he then he goes on a quest to see when Rosie Grier played for the Giants. Then Rippa completely forgets about it and starts watching the NC tape again, trying to figure out which one is Bad Brad Hunter. Then he fastforwards to the Tony Platinum vs Rico Rage vs Hydranium match and Rosie Grier is a distant memory. He mentions a spot where a wrestler- possibly Rico Rage suplexes himself. My curiosity is piqued so I force him to SYNCH UP VIDEOTAPES WITH ME~! so I can see what he is talking about. Everybody in the match is wearing outfits possibly made from Persian rugs. No punching for YOOUUUU, young Hydranga. Rage DOES bump like a freak.

Which is cool for a fat guy. Rippa says he does a Falcon Arrow and I tell Rippa that to wrestle in the indies you have to show the commissioner a blood test , a physical form and your Falcon Arrow before they let you in the ring. The suplexing himself spot isn't as egregious as I had thought. Rico Rage is prolly on. Hydrox is so very questionable at the moment. Then Lazz

comes out to wrestle William Wealth and the Lazz match is performed: sodomizing the ref, sporting the fabulous pink Flashdance shirt (if only Lazz could remove a bra without removing the shirt, we would have a full Jennifer Beal Point.) I remind Rippa of the Rosie Grier and tell him that he has the attention span of a fruitfly. Quest RENEWED. Rippa sez: 1955-56, 1958-62. I had no idea that Rosie Grier played in the 50s. Who would have thought? William Wealth looks really good. Lazz throws good punches now- when did that happen? Lazz looks great in this as they do a real "straight" (HAHAHAHAH) wrestling match. We go on to the match that Statmark warned us about- the Playboy Tripp vs Cold Cash D tables match and I force Rippa to synch COMPLETELY. I will review this in real time. Playboy Tripp is dressed like a JIVETONE! without the sparkles. Rippa thinks he saw Ivan Koloff signing autographs in the back. Tripp flails about in the ring like- to quote Rippe- "Phil Schneider in the third round of his Golden Gloves match." Playboy Tripp takes a fucking GIANT bump over the turnbuckle to nowhere and suddenly i'm in love with this match. WE R SO SYNCHED UP! Tripps is possibly blading. he wouldn't be the first guy to blade in NC. Cash D goes to the back and brings back the most gimmicked table in HARDCORE HISSSTORY~! Tripp is selling (or experiencing) his backdeath all the way onto the table. Cash D raises the roof and stands on the table. THEY GO ALL JAPAN LIKE A MOTHERFUCKER FIGHTING FOR THE SUPLEX OFF THE TABLE- but the table decides to Russo the finish and collapse under them before anyone can do anything. The ref cluelessly tries to award someone the match for both mutually falling through the table. This match is SOOO not the worst thing I've ever seen and the bump alone should keep Tripp on the list. CW Anderson comes out for the next match and we are in awe of the gigantic expanding head of CW Anderson. Otto Bo Dupp Schwanz comes out and continues to redeem himself in my eyes for sucking it at the Drunkleforce America show- where if I remember he wrestled somekind of giant squid or Afa the Samoan or something. I was pretty drunk. This chick signed my stomach and Marcel bought me a beer because of it. Or maybe that hot chick bought me a beer, I can't really remember. Bo Dupp sells like Johnny Ace in all Japan with his eyes crossed channeling Terry Funk. Nice Superkick by CW. This and the beautiful Madd Maxx match more than make up for any doubts we had about the state of Shwanz the Wrestler- this match far less so though. Rippa goes to watch the draft and eat something (codeword: enjoy the pleasure of the ladies of the internet).

I'll try again later for the WCW uber match.

~!~

XPW TV (11/3/01 & 11/10/01)
(by Phil Rippa)

Wow! That is two hours of my life I will never get back (well actually closer to 20 minutes as I was leaning hard on the fast forward.) That was a whole ton of crap to ingest. I figured I would channel Dean Rasmussen circa 1996 and review the whole block in one paragraph (you know, like how Dean would sum up Dreamslam in 50 words)

Channeling.... Chaneling....

"TINY PANTS~! I so am on Tommy Dreamer's cock. NANIWA~! This was pretty fucking choice and it rocked hard. Super Delfin's outfit made me feel funny. GOD~! Can anyone work a better match in the US than JEFF JARRETT~! ANTICHRISTO! NUMBER ONE AND THE BEST!!! One of them mags also had a couple of pictures from B.Bomb, the Manami Toyota midnight choking pamphlet. Kevin Kelly whips ass. The Eliminators are WAY TOO talented for such big men. absolute highlight was the Japanese debut of Lance Storm."

Okay, I think I channeled a little too hard. Let's try this again.

Channeling.... Channeling

"It was a crappy week. I didn't get this tape from St. Phil but from St. Wade so I could suffer through it for the 500 so you the GENTLE READER~! didn't have to. PHIL RIPPA = GIVER~! When the best talent is NOZAWA~! and his is sitting in a FREAKING CHAIR~! Rob Black is a numbskull. New Jack and the Sandman and Konnan and Vampiro all appear on my TV screen and I wonder WHAT THE FUCK! I didn't get this tape from St. Phil but from St. Wade. Whip Ass! They sure like to tease the titties during the commerical breaks. JIMINY CRICKETS! This wasn't good. Pogo the Clown is like the 94th best clown in wrestling today."

God, that makes my head hurt.

It is at this point in the review that Dean calls me and we synch up again on the StatMark tape. It is pretty outstanding as there are tons of great moments as we try to figure out which Southside Player is which. Stumpy provides no help in the chat and he is completely baffled when I ask him which one is Cash and which one is Money. I think he says one is a bump freak which might help me if either did anything that resembled a bump. I try to pry the answer of who is Main Attraction out of Dean but he gets sidetracked in a comical Match Game fashion with CW Anderson's Head is So Big jokes. If I was a smarter man, I would have accused Dean of sleeping with Brett Somers but instead I am forced to crush Dean's spirits with yet another joke referring to Gemini Kid looking like his long lost son. Madd Maxx and Otto Schwanz cancel out their crappy Wrestle Force America (Did you know Dean was drunk at that show?) performances by having a fine fine Southern Lumberjack match which works really well because you had the faces one side and the heels on the other side and you got all misty for the lumberjack matches that you used to watch as a kid. I do try to figure out why Otto no longer has the German accent but who I am to question. Dean is rather disturbingly obsessed with my masturbation habits while my wife is gone. While some might say this is the fraternal side of him coming out, I consider it down right creepy and make sure I keep my pants on the entire time we chat. Nite-Stic Eddie Brown hits the screen and I spend way too long staring at his ass trying to figure out what it says on his trunks. It might have been "Eat at Alpha Pizza" for all I know. Dean and I debate the merits of watching the Gee Star/Amber Holly feud now or later. Both need to invest a couple of bucks on a second ring outfit but we can analyze that aspect of the tape when

we synch up again to do the Joshi 100. It has broken down as Dean and I have just resorted to making fun of Schneider while we watch the tape. I decide that nothing good will come from going back and rewatching the Damien Steele/Konnan match so we call it a night.

~!~

MARIKO YOSHIDA vs HYUGA AZUMI - ARSION "ZION TOURNAMENT FINAL" (11/01)
(RASMUSSEN)

A HISTORICAL FICTION: Mariko swarms on me like a motherfucker- her older womanly frame attacking like a wolverine or a some kind of tenacious fire ant or something. She pulls her punches but she meets the demand of the sparse crowd's expectation of realism before she takes into consideration that it is my face that she is punching. I do the same because I am fighting her style and dig the fuck out of her style. Her submissions baffle me and I can't keep up. She is a wonder. My admiration of her is strange and confusing. She is a mentor to all who are like me- all too young

to have a part in the salad days of women's wrestling- shuffled about, unfocused, no real way to reach a peak or zenith- one continuous lateral movement and a thousand false starts. Here in the Reagan Years of our artform, she has taught us the beauty and brutality of this artform and how to take comfort in the perfecting of it all, since the money is gone and the art is all we have left. And she is alluring in her worldwise ways. Whenever we all work out, she turns it on to the local Tokyo independent oldies station and can sing along to all these songs- that song about being so groovy now that people are finally getting together, that one about Lucifer Sam the Siam Cat. One time I was making fun of Bionic J because she was wearing this big skiing goggles and I said she looked like a doofus like Yoko Ono. She sat me down and told me about Yoko Ono and how I should respect her accomplishments because she invented New Wave or something. One time she was showing us how to do the inverted Octopus Hold that Dos Caras invented or something and she was kinda stretching Baby A when that "Spirit In the Sky" song came on and she let go of the hold and drifted into the song. "Never been a sinner I never sin- you know you got a friend in Jesus..." she was singing under her breath and this look of serenity was on her face. It wasn't religious or anything, it was more of a psychedelic thing but not like a drug thing. It was really weird and yet really cool. It was like she could really get into to it- like she is deeper than anyone I've ever met. Like she was all weirdly centered, not all over the place like my friends my age and I felt scared of her- liking she was stooping to deal with us shallow schoolgirls or something. It was weird about this match was that we were in the back and she kept singing these lines over and over. It wasn't all from one song though so it was pretty fucked up. She would keep either singing "I been loved and pushed aside- my souls been crushed by tumbling tide" and then she would drift off into "Come on people, smile on your brother- everybody get together try to love one another right now." Finally I asked her what the fuck was going on with her. She said, "I'm sorry. I feel like a freak sometimes." I told her it's nothing like that, I just wanted to know what goes in her mind. She looked at me with a look like she was going to say something that would make her uncomfortable and make me no longer like her. "This wrestling is an art and I was feeding off something I heard on the radio when I was younger, hanging out with Chigusa and Bull and the girls." I was baffled but interested. I prodded her on. "Well, youngster, my matches are like a mishmasked psychedelic song. I like

my entrance to be like the opening of "Time Has Come Today" which was a song that Dump Matsumoto hipped me to on the Subterranean Jungle record by The Ramones. Then Jackie Sato a few years later played the Chambers Brothers version for me and it was the difference in understanding my place in the world. The Chambers Brothers version kicks the ass of the Ramones version. The Chambers Brothers is almost artless in it's honesty and it's clumsy at points and inarticulate, but there is this point where it's just the cowbell and the guitar and drum crashes in and the words talk about every person on earth and how disconnected we are from each but it is also a proclamation of survival and self-empowerment. Young Azumi, there is a point where you only have your art and it doesn't matter if anybody pays to see it or if anyone understands it or gives a shit about it. You have to believe that what you are doing is worthwhile and expresses your feelings as a betterment of the collective spirit of mankind. That is what that part of that song is. I call upon it when I need assurance and it runs through my head when I am violent and punch you in the face and you punch me in the face. When I raise my arms at the beginning of the match, the cowbell and the guitar riff are going off in my head. The swirl of violence and art takes me up into it's whirlwind. You need something to unleash your fury- a fury that brings to a strange emotional state- unnatural tears of fury. Find a way to get to that level and then control it through the constraints of your artform. If it can live through it, you are a master." I didn't understand. It didn't matter because I was beginning to think like her and knew that I would understand at some point. I asked her about the second song. "That song is the serenity of my submissions- the smoothness, the calculation, the intricacy. It is the part of my matches where I try to agree with the order of the world. You must find a place in both areas in your heart- you must lash out with fury against the horror of the world and then you must find beauty within the world and immerse yourself in it." I could not begin to understand her ideas and could only let her weave her tapestry and add where I could. I did begin thinking like her and it will make all the difference in the world. She put me over, but it was completely in the context of her artwork. I was a model and she was the painter.

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Larry Blackwell/Melissa vs. Robert Thompson/Nikki – All Pro Wrestling (3/1/02)
(RIPPA)

Wrestling on the Internet is addictive. Professional Wrestling... you pervs. We continue with the matches that can be found on the APW website from their "invite" only shows. Blackwell is ENORMOUS and is the former Peter Snott. Blackwell has issues with Thompson but he is less than thrilled that he has to team with Melissa. Basic gist of the match is people wasting each other with forearms and then a long heat segment on Melissa. I would be remiss though if I didn't mention that Melissa does the Doug Williams counter out of ankle lock which made me freak out as that is my favorite counter of the moment. Someone has been watching some tapes. This is a straight tag match so there is plenty of guy vs. girl stuff which means that instead of suffering through Nikki/Melissa moments, we get some decent work with Melissa/Thompson – though there is an ugly, ugly keylock section. My favorite section of the match is when Blackwell gets in and destroys Nikki – Thompson makes the save and they brawl

out into the crowd. Nikki sells being dead for like for five minutes, which is a good thing since she took a lot of deadly, fat guy offense. I can leave without the chanting APW! APW! For the chair shot though. God, I loathe ECW more and more each day. The brawling was a nice way to extend the match without having Nikki no-sell the beating she took. The end of the match I could have lived without as Blackwell decides to turn on Melissa, including a second rope splash. Some folks like to give him points for that – I, on the other hand, tend to credit gravity more. Thompson wastes Melissa with a couple of Ki Krushers, including one on a chair. American Dragon comes out to make the save and he and Thompson start having issues which I am all for. Thompson plays the “you stay out of my matches”. Dragon retorts with the subtler “what’s wrong with you man”. Thompson shoots his wad with “Low Ki and Chris Daniels are kicking your ass all over the country.” Blackwell waddles back out and wipes the sweat from underneath his man boobs at this point in one of those “I’M HERE TOO!” moments. Dragon ends up getting beatdown but Thompson and Blackwell make sure everyone understands that they still have issues. All in all – worth the 20 minutes of your time to watch.

~!~

MAGNUM TA vs TULLY BLANCHARD - I QUIT MATCH - NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE
(STARRCADE 85 - 11/28/85)
(RASMUSSEN)

This match is one of those great matches that seems pretty stupid to analyze in a standard sense. The match is great because it is so guttural and shitheadedly straight ahead in it's balls out violence that one would think that looking beyond the surface would shatter the illusion and THUs you would be analyzing some other match all together. But there is an analytical depth to why this match is so fucking great. For one thing, it throws the Mid-Atlantic Old School form out the window. It doesn't build out of a headlock, or out of heat slowly generates by the heel or any of the other staples. This starts with both men beating the life out of the other and crowd responds quickly. IT ALSO throws the brawling style of classic NWA out the window. The style of brawling leading up to this match in almost every other match is straight out of Puerto Rico - the style of brawling for the famous OTHER NWA I Quit match between Ric Flair and Terry Funk is the pinnacle of Puerto Rican style transplanted (and possibly not transplanted)- and Memphis style brawl. Puerto Rican/ Memphis Concession Stand style brawl involves sweeping waves of violence and ass-beating stretched across the entire arena- throwing a blood-drenched head into the popcorn maker and throwing a plasma-spewing opponent in to the white delivery truck at Roberto Clemente stadium. It's taking the ass-beating directly to the fans in the stands so that it no longer resembles the civilized world but more resembles a group of students circling a fight in the lunchroom. The beauty of Tully Blanchard and Terry Allen beating the living dog shit out of each other is the COMPRESSION of the brawl. The cage is a motherfucking cage and it has never been utilized in such an effective way. You don't crawl out of the top like ever shitty WWF cage match, it isn't a visual prop with no bearing on the match like in Ric Flair vs Harley Race at the first Starrcade (and most cage matches leading up to this). There is no escape and the animalistic violence is magnified because of this lack of escape. The cage becomes the

combatants backbones- Tully wrestles completely heel but he doesn't take a single step back or try to elude the violence once. Magnum is the uber face in this and he sells the ass-beating like it's Ricky Steamboat beating the holy living fuck out of him. It's almost All Japanese in it's heel/face structure. But the build-up and hatred that is the undercurrent to the greatness of this match is never duplicated anywhere else but in the South. Tully Blanchard rips Terry Allen's forehead open and Allen rips

Blanchard's forehead open with both being thrown facefirst into the cage but the spot is irrelevant in the match- a ruse to bring your attention to the cage. The cage isn't the gimmick, the sheer hatred is the gimmick. It's like the best possible UFC match ever. The ass-beating takes place in the middle of the ring and cage frames it and focuses it. Blanchard's offense early is kicks to the stomach. The microphone is key because because the way the victim and torturer are indistinguishable in their Celtic Frostian guttural screeching into the mic. Blanchard moves into beautiful fucking elbow drops but misses his last one to take Magnum back on offense. Magnum punches him dead in the face and hits a comical

Karate backfist. They screech into to the mic- Magnum with the mic at his dick forcing it into Tully's mouth. TA smashes the mic into Blanchard's forehead and jams into the open wound. Tully rips the eyes of Magnum and goes back on offense with a gigantic right hand. Magnum jams mic down his throat again but Tully kicks it out of his hand. TA goes for ten punches in the corner and Tully CRUSHES him with a reversed Atomic Drop and starts bashing TA in the head with the microphone and IT IS MOTHERFUCKING HARDCORE AS AN ABSOLUTE MOTHERFUCKER. Cactus Jack isn't the king of hardcore, Tully Blanchard is. He could never reach this level of sheer violence and drench

it all with such hatred More fistedrops with the microphone and fat assed elbow drops, and Tully kicks the ref in the groin. Babydoll throws a wooden chair into the cage and Tully smashes it on the mat, grabbing the sharpest piece to carve up Magnum's pretty face. Magnum fights out before the shard can get into his flesh, finally getting Blanchard off of him by kneeing him in the ribs. Magnum gets to his feet first and starts carving up Tully's face and Tully- being the motherfucking great wrestler that he was- sells it like he is getting his fucking face carved up. You can drop Nick Berk out of a helicopter through fifteen burning tables and it is SOOO weak compared to Tully dropping the first fistedrop onto Magnum TA's forehead with the microphone. That's violence and hatred and everything great in a deathmatch. Go watch this again because you had forgotten that it was the best deathmatch you will ever see.

Odd archtypical subtext to the match: Tully Blanchard is a Southern Archtype (I say Southern because I don't know of any other frame of reference in my personal experience). I knew guys that were like the persona that Blanchard

portrayed: nouveau riche or wastrel son of nouveau riche, not overly good-looking but had enough money to attract a certain kind of woman. He's overeager to look hip and isn't a bad guy usually- fun to get drunk with, tells a good filthy story and will try to get one his old conquests in the room to suck your dick. He's a doofus but he an amiable doofus if you aren't one of the women he is trying to victimize. His women are never in love with him, but are usually hot looking stripper types with psychological issues who tolerate him because they can barely tolerate any man, but he at least has money he's willing to spend and is a good time usually.

Magnum TA is another Southern Archtype. His archetype is actually a lot like my older brother- really good-looking guy and always could have any woman he wants but will be faithful to whoever he is seeing at the time and attracts all of Tully's women with true love and also every other woman who meets him but has solid inner core of values that the Tully archetype doesn't have. He never takes advantage but he can be a shithead sometimes- but he is an all around good guy who will do the right thing at the end of the day. The Magnum will tolerate the Tully guy for a while but they usually won't hang out. The Tully guy is too weasly for the Magnum guy to trust and Magnum guy is too straightlaced to enjoy the excesses and flailing desperation of the Tully guy. Stick any two like these in a cage and it would be similar to these results if enough beer was drank and if the Tully guy talked enough shit.

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Mitsuhiro Matsunaga vs. John Zandig – Light Tube Barbed Wire Board Tarantula Death Match
(Big Japan – 10/21/01, Aired 11/5/01)

(by RIPPA)

Big Japan is quite the girl you had the crush on in college until she started sleeping around with the pudgy frat boy who wasn't afraid to ply her with just enough booze to get her to ram her tongue down his throat. So you stopped hanging out but you always wonder if things will be the same when you get back together. And I really have no idea where I was going with that. We, as watches of professional wrestling, have been in an era where we turned their backs on Big Japan – mainly because of the Combat Zone connection. We can argue for minutes about whether this was justified or not. But November 1 gives me the perfect excuse to get back to the viewing.

A quick status update: Kamikaze is getting by carrying five other guys in six-mans because Abby Jr. has fallen into the murky category of guys who are just there. (You try getting something out of Benkei) Speaking of guys who are just there, it really seems like Fantastik is busy wasting that pay day at the Korean BBQ. Shadow WX is still alive and looks to be in the best shape of his life. His best of 4981 series with Hidoh continues. I have the running battle in my head of who I dislike the most between Trent Acid, Rukkus, Mad Man Pondo and Jun Kasai. The dark horse candidate is Van Hammer who looks like the biker from a Village People cover band. I am stoked that Men's Teoih is back on his game and of course that Yamakawa is not dead anymore.

That all being said, the biggest curiosity came from Matsunaga vs. Zandig. The legend grows that these matches are decent because Matsunaga tries to bump the pain away. My take is that this make is more the theater of the absurd than anything resembling close to a good garbage match.

Amongst the random crap tossed into this ring are the usual barb wire boards and barb wire and thorn wrapped ropes, light bulbs and the centerpiece – the fish tank full of tarantulas. Did I say full of tarantulas? Does two qualify as being full? Three minutes into the match, Matsunaga

takes a back drop into the tank – successfully breaking it. The tarantulas have less respect for kayfabe than the leeches do so they make a break for it. This leads to several moments of random “lets chase scurrying arachnids around and tease pushing our heads onto them”. Now, come on, all of us know that if you pressed Zandig’s CW Andersonesque melon down on one of those spiders, it would kill it. Of course, I have absorbed all of this whilst still trying to grasp the idea that Zandig actually did the Zybysko stall during the early portion of the match. Well, the tarantulas get out of Dodge (prompting me to make “Born Free” jokes to no one in particular) which leaves our combatants to make do with the usual “I’m going to jab you with this broken light bulb that just became broke because I suplexed you through it.” We wander out into the crowd. Crowd brawling is so not the best way to hold my attention. The first of our two This Old House segments commences as Zandig piles a bunch of tables together. I was going to joke that Zandig doesn’t strike me as the type who appear on Trading Spaces but I never thought I would see Chris Wylde on the show either. Matsunaga take the powerbomb from up high, in what is a relatively tame spot for him. Fuck – everything is relatively tame for Matsunaga these days. He ain’t taking a powerbomb off a scaffold and I seem not to care. He certainly ain’t setting himself on fire. Speaking of Prometheus’ gift to man, This Old House segment two is Zandig piling a big batch of weapons in the ring – which Shadow WX tempts fate by igniting – and dumps Matsunaga through it from the top turnbuckle. Again, I am less than impressed. Matsunaga takes all the bumps but an old man falling out of bed out bumps Zandig. And nothing that Matsunaga does screams “Wow, that might be the craziest thing I have seen him do.” To cap the festivities off, Jun Kasai makes the save and that in turns brings in Van Hammer to Zandig’s rescue. So we get a no contest in a death match. I recall why I started getting turned off by death matches.

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JOSE PEREZ vs WIDOWMAKER - UCW - sometime recently- somewhere in a church basement or rec center or smaller armoury basement in New England somewhere (RASMUSSEN)

This card is legendary amidst New England wrestling affectionados as being so weird and bad as to being wildly entertaining. Some have compared to the notorious Midlothian (Virginia) Middle School debacle that is world reknowned now (mostly because of the efforts of Hangman Tim- who gave it to a certain ECW wrestler with a wife on the Joshi 100 and who is also is fascinated by amazingly bad wrestling, thus he ended up showing it to the ECW lockerroom and it’s legend and copying spread from there. It is also a beloved abominational veiwing of the WWF OMEGA alumni). The difference here is that the Midlothian troupe had every opportunity to not make the most embarrassing thing ever associated with professional wrestling. But- through an amazing display of dizzying incompetence and sheer shithheadedness- they did. Here, I gotta give mad phat props to the UCW guys for actually delivering a semblance of wrestling goods in front of a paying crowd even though.... the ring didn’t actually show up. The crowd coulda gave a shit, they are white hot and ready for guys to beat the hell out of each other. Jose Perez comes out with WHAT LOOKS LIKE Abe Vigoda’s Latin cousin. Perez has a DOO-rag and one of those Singapore cane things that someone has to have at every Northeastern wrestling match these days. They talk of Widowmaker and of him getting his ass

beaten. The Abe Vigoda guy then GETS ON THE STICK~! and it is awesome because he talks EXACTLY like Joe Franklin with a Puerto Rican accent- with weird emphasis on odd syllables like Joe Franklin and everything. It was thoroughly balls out. "Hey. Everyone shut the hell up because MY MAN- Jose Perez- is the BEST wrestler in the place to-NIGHT. I've never SEEN so many losers- together- in one place in MY life. We see a bunch of losers tonight- especially over here. Tonight

Widowmaker you have HELD that title too long but tonight you face a real man, this is the toughest man in ucw and tonight he is going to kick some ass. where ever you are widowmaker, get your ass in the ring because my man is going to take you to SCHOOL and you bunch of losers- pay attention to a real winner- my man Jose Perez." I awaited him to bring out Vic Damone or something. Then it gets all fucked up and weird. The ring announcer introduces Perez and he then introduces the Widowmaker THUSLY: "The Man! That makes cattle go the other way! The Man! That every cowgirl in the country wants to date! The Man! whose face who has no name- who has no identity! The Man! who is undefeated in the squared circle! On five continents! HEEEEERE'S ELLLLLLLL MASCADOOOOOOOO!"

So the ring announcer quickly says "WIDOWMAKER!" when he realizes that he just had the long build-up for the guy wrestling in the next match. But it still doesn't explain the cattle thing. Does he turn the cattle the other way to tenderly and gently LOVE the cattle? Is he The Man! who can be seen on many internet sites loving some unsuspecting cattle! I live in fear.

Anyway, the Widowmaker comes out and is gladhanding the fans. His vest is black and his cowboy hat is white. He is oblivious to the idiocy of the ring announcer, he is oblivious to the taunts of the evil manager and he is - HEY!- oblivious to the fact that Jose Perez just hit him with the Singapore cane across the back! WHAT A VEST! He figures out that he should sell the cane shots when he notices the attack by the second strike. "Should I sell the caneshot or sell taking off my vest?!?!?" What is a man to do- I ask YOU, the gentle reader. The brawl kicks in and Perez hits the Jawbreaker and throws some "Indie as an ECW Superstar" punches. Widowmaker goes into a fury of fabulously shitty punches and reminds one of a budding Mongo McMichael in his smoothness and delivery. Then he beats him with the cane and then hits a really nice dropkick to the face of Perez, hits a splash and gets two. Perez takes him down and drops an elbow on the Babymakers. Then Perez goes for the submission with a Stretch Plum Variation. Widowmaker takes a a pansy-assed looking bump into the chairs. Perez is acquitting himself well by really leaning into WM's charishots. Widowmaker drags Perez prone into the center of the mats and sets up a chair. He gets a running start and when he jumps on the chair, it slides out from under him and it looks like he is doing that thing you do when you are doing jumps off of the diving board when you tell a kid you are with to shoot you as you jump off. It was great. Perez does these little clotheslines which I don't mind. WM makes with the shittiest punches since the Deon vs Andre Rison fight. Widowmaker goes after El Hijo del Joe Franklin and sets up the Lighting the Stick On Fire In A Tiny Enclosed Place finish. Perez's blow glances the oblong head of Widowmaker and he gets the pin. Then it all gets weird again. Perez hops on the stick and starts talking about respect between he and Widowmaker and tries to shake his Widowmaking hand. Perez starts talking about how he respects Widowmaker and stuff. and then the Widowmaker starts a "You suck" chant to the guy trying to do the Indie Hug spot and

the heel then says he wants to go five more minutes! WOW~! And he loses to Widowmaker in twenty seconds! So Widowmaker is not only a really shitty wrestler, but also a really clueless wrestler. It was kind of like watching Perez walk Peter Seller's character from BEING THERE through a match. Stuff kinda randomly happens to Widowmaker and he ends up on top because of his idiocy and inactivity. New England Indies- HIGH CONCEPT AS A MUTHA~!

~!~

Jardi Frantz vs. American Dragon – All Pro Wrestling (3/16/02)
(RIPPA)

Did I mention that I enjoy the downloadable wrestling...? Professional wrestling you pervs. I go back and forth on the Frantz bandwagon as some days I enjoy his matches and other days I am left wondering why the fast forward button doesn't work quicker. This is an enjoyable match that is ruined by annoying indy booking at the end. Lots of fun mat work with Dragon being able to cut off most of Jardi's attempts at offense – most of the time the cutting off would be by delivering a big boot to the face. There are some really nice things about the match. I think I most enjoyed Jardi blocking a powerbomb by dropping down and pressing against the back of Dragon's knees. Because he couldn't get the proper balance to perform the powerbomb, Dragon grabbed one of Frantz's arms and turned it into a Fujiwara armbar. Unfortunately, the disturbing trend of ruining good matches with crappy endings continued. There is a ref bump and Larry Blackwell rolls on out to splash American Dragon (John Pinetta!!!! That's who Blackwell reminds me of. "You've been here 4 hours. You go now!"). So, Frantz gets the pinfall. Blackwell continues to taunt Dragon. Robert Thompson comes out, wastes Blackwell with a chairshot, and then starts filibustering with Dragon. The locker room empty and we have a lot of stuff happening. One of the head APW honchos who isn't Roland comes out and declares that they are going to have a Battle Royal right now to determine the Internet Worldwide Championship. Or something like that. (Research indicates that the actual title is the APW Worldwide Internet Championship – and somewhere Roadblock weeps.) Nothing screams Indy like a Battle Royal for a title. This is interesting as there was play by play for the entire Dragon/Frantz match but it cuts out right at the start of the battle royal, so I am left guessing at who many of these people are. Like that might be a Ballard Brother or that might be a guy who sells used underwear on Ebay. I am not sure. Very long story short – Jardi ends up with the thing to become the first titleholder.

~!~

CIMA vs. Magnum Tokyo vs. Darkness Dragon vs. Masaaki Mochizuki vs. Dragon Kid
(TORYUMON 9/30/01)
(RASMUSSEN)

Rippa calls me because he wants to chastise me for having TORYUMON from the time period and not realizing it until now. It's on the same tape as the Cage match- which is completely balls out. Being that he's on the phone and the Statmark pimping video is all we ever really care about anymore- we SYNCH UP for Dewey Cheatum vs CW Anderson. I'm kinda down on Anderson and Cheatum was the masked guy wrestling Little Guido at Drunkfest America-

probably. I was pretty drunk. Here, he looks like a fan who jumped the barrier and jumped in the ring and CW Andersen isn't carry enough to break his legs and throw him out of the ring so he tries to subdue the fan SOUTHERN PRO STYLE~! CW somehow makes the "C W" hand signal over his gigantic Macy Thanksgiving's Day Float-sized head. CW makes with the clotheslines that say, "Dean is a FOOL. CW Anderson rocks." Dewey with the drunk fan gimmick seems more like a shoot than what he was intending but the match is pretty okay either way- as CW pretty much cuts him off at every turn- as if toying with him until security arrives. Dewey may be on the 500 if we can try to do some kind of math equation where we would speculate where Lee Scott would be in this time frame- as he has the same likable scrawny guy vibe. CW Anderson's head is so big that he doesn't wear a hat he wears a King Cab. CW clubbing forearms look fucking great. They do the Powerplant Cruiserweight Lucha sequence with the reverse Bulldog ending. CW hits the Wrist Cross Exploider and I fall in love with both of these guys. Spinebuster and the SYNCHING was complete! Anderson rocks! Dewey might sneak on! The TORYUMON match in question, I just realized has nothing to do with the prior review so consider this a 2fer. The TORYUMON gets the scathing attacks from the Puro Dork Kingdom for being too US in its booking but the heat TORYUMON generates is the Watts in Houston level not the cheap Stamford kind so it's okay in my book. I actually love that kind of shit. Heel and face stables is the coolest form of wrestling if done well and this is all done pretty well. The match itself is fucking brilliant from a story standpoint and from a wrestling standpoint. It's laid out allegorically like a good GAEA match- without all the real or imagined lesbianic archetypal overtones, but with overt religious overtones: Basically, Masaaki Mochizuki is Satan; Magnum Tokyo is Jesus Christ; CIMA is Saul who would become Paul; Dragon Kid is Mary Magdalen; Darkness Dragon is a lesser demon. So you have a neat set up- two pure evil and two pure good wrestlers and a non-committal fifth wrestler and they run the gamut of cool things to do with the story in a pretty small amount of time- as this only goes about 25 minutes. Magnum and CIMA start off beating on Masaaki- as Magnum hits a completely CHRISTLIKE dropkick on Masaaki, hitting him right in the face- after it was set up by CIMA running him into the ropes. CIMA then armdrags Magnum to let you know that it is every man for himself, God against all. The Dragon Kid hits the big rana on CIMA and Masaaki throws Darkness Dragon onto Dragon Kid's legs- making it look like a turn by Masaaki on Darkness. CIMA punches Darkness in the face a while, while Magnum and the Kid hit a double dropkick on Masaaki. CIMA and Magnum whip CIMA into the ropes and CIMA drops to the floor as if to set up the same dropkick that they hit Masaaki with. Instead Darkness puts his hands up as stops short. They both turn and double dropkick CIMA. Magnum is puzzled as to if he has a new apostle and offers his infinite loving and compassion which he symbolizes with a handshake offered. Darkness is evil to the core and uses this opportunity to kick his redeemer in the stomach. He was still with Masaaki and Magnum was duped and crazy to try to change Darkness Dragon's evil nature. Dragon Kid comes to his mentor's rescue with a triple encircling head scissors. Magnum goes back to the unconverted CIMA- slamming his head into the cage. He and Kid try to destroy Masaaki as Darkness starts in on CIMA. Magnum goes back to Masaaki and slams him and then goes back to beating some religion into CIMA. CIMA escapes and takes a shot at agnostically breaking the arm of Masaaki in a thoroughly humanistic way. Masaaki uses the power of evil to get the drop on the lone existential figure

and kicks CIMA through the ropes. CIMA escapes further damage as the Kid attacks Masaaki (while Magnum is beating on Darkness). CIMA Body slams both the Kid and Masaaki and then stands up perplexed. Kid is first to his feet and gets him in a headscissors. Masaaki gets Dragon in a headscissors and then Darkness and Magnum dive on top of both of them. Magnum sits on the toprope with Masaaki in the sleeper. CIMA comes in and stakes the legs and kicks Masaaki in the groin. It is at this point that CIMA makes a decision that he can ALWAYS trust Magnum. He can never trust anyone else in the ring. CIMA trusts CIMA even after he has betrayed him in the match already. CIMA kicks the Kid and then all three of them stomp on Masaaki, CIMA finishing it with a superkick. Darkness Dragon jumps in and helps kick Masaaki because he is the least trustworthy in the cage. All four make a break for the cage to escape but Masaaki pulls them down into the cage- the cage being a symbol for the life on earth where the only escape is through confronting the evil of Masaaki. Magnum knows too well that he will not get, as this cup will not pass him by. They beat the shit out of Darkness in the corner as CIMA goes knees first into his face, Kid spinkicks into his face and Magnum Springboard Elbows him in the face. Masaaki feigns like he is going to go straight into his shiftless follower but he fakes and cuts straight to the perpendicular turnbuckle and tries to quickly scale the fence and escape. CIMA and Magnum drag him down and Darkness stops Kid's feeble escape attempt. CIMA rams Magnum's head into the turnbuckle after being shot in by Masaaki. Masaaki and Darkness double team Dragon Kid- Powerbombing him after taking his knee out. Darkness Dragon goes up top to finish off the Underling of Good while Masaaki holds him. Darkness tells Masaaki to move him back a little and move him back a little more and THEN JUMPS ONTO THE CAGE AND ESCAPES! Masaaki is going apeshit because he has been left out of dry. THEN IT GETS MOTHERFUCKING GREAT. After Dragon Kid grabs Masaaki who was trying to knock Darkness off the side of the cage, CIMA comes over and throws Kid into the cage and shotays Masaaki and gives him the Unholy Poontangler Iconoclasm. CIMA goes up top and Magnum goes up after him. CIMA fights out and pushes Magnum off to the mat. CIMA then pulls up and falls on the mat because his knee has gone out. Magnum, being filled with Christlike mercy and kindness yells for them to open the cage and drag him out. Masaaki, being the living embodiment of pure evil quickly makes like a demonic Mark Mosely and starts kicking the fuck out of CIMA's knee. Kid makes the save first but Magnum misses with the lariat and CRUSHES Kid. Kid makes like Peter and denies Magnum three times and starts punching his great master in the face. CIMA crawls up to the side of the cage and Masaaki a fucking BEAUTIFUL sweep of Johnny's leg and CIMA does the added extra of getting the knee tied up in the first and second ropes. MEANWHILE, Magnum has been forsaken and is just completely Old Testament here- BEATING THE LIVING FUCK out of Dragon Kid- throwing his head first into the cage in one of the more beautiful examples of that spot I've ever seen. Meanwhile, Masaaki has CIMA in a kneebar and CIMA is helpless. CIMA says, "Why in the time of my greatest moment on need, there was only one set of footprints?" Magnum says to CIMA, "That was the times when I was carrying you" and proceeds to beat the shit out of Masaaki. Masaaki tries to fight out but Magnum has already crushed him with an STO. Kid aces crushes Magnum as he is now the Prodigal Son and he goes after CIMA. CIMA hotshots him off the cage onto the ropes and then ties him to the bottom rope by his wrist things. CIMA crawls up to

the top and MAGnum cuts off Masaaki from knocking him off the top. Magnum starts bashing Masaaki's head into the cage as they are standing on the turnbuckle and then hits the fat ass bulldog off the top. Magnum kills the fatted calf for the Prodigal Son and cuts him free and they hug and start to rip Masaaki a new cornshoot. Masaaki ducks a 360 Frankensteiner attempt by Kid and kicks Kid into position for his Toprope running Spinkick. Magnum shoulderblocks Dragon Kid out of the way and sheds his blood so that Dragon Kid can live as he brings Kid salvation by taking the kick to the back of the head for him. Masaaki tries to escape but Magnum catches him and starts beating the life out of him. Magnum motions to Dragon Kid and says, "well done, good and faithful servant. I will see you today in paradise" and tells him to get out of the cage. IN THE MOST AWESOME PART, Magnum does a belly to back suplex off the toprope to keep Masaaki from stopping Kid. Kid waits for Magnum at the top and tries to help Magnum escape. Magnum tries to push Kid to the floor before hitting the mat to beat on Masaaki some more. Dragon Kid collapses on the floor and there is only Masaaki vs Magnum. After a Judo flip, Magnum makes for the escape but Masaaki catches him. Magnum hits a bulldog and missile dropkick and tries to escape but Masaaki catches him. Magnum jumps on the toprope to do his rana but Masaaki catches him and kicks him into the cage. Masaaki tries a suplex but Magnum fights out. Magnum whiffs on a kick to the head and then hits it and then CRUSHES Mochizuki with a Viagra Driver. As Magnum goes for the escape, all of M2K scale the outside of the cage and keep Magnum from escaping. Magnum's disciples are hiding in fear on the ground as Magnum hit with the blue storage case and plunges back to the mat. Masaaki and Magnum start trading kicks- with Magnum having the upperhand until Masaaki avoids another Viagra Driver and hits two nasty axe kicks. Masaaki then escapes and Magnum is a broken beaten man. CIMA freaks out after M2K shaves Magnum's hair , as Masaaki bashes Magnum over the head with the carryall. The super Wattsonian beatdown of CIMA follows. This is how you book a feud. This is how Bill Watts would have booked this feud except Bill Watts could never have pulled off having a perfect babyface like Magnum Tokyo. He would have gotten the heels over big like this, but Magnum in this match was the babyface Dusty Rhodes always tried to pull off- the Christlike figure. This is a great match.

~!~

BARRY WINDHAM/ DUSTIN RHODES vs. LARRY ZBYSKO/ STEVE AUSTIN (WCW Superbrawl'92 - 2/29/92)
(RASMUSSEN)

I keep watching this match over and over. I remember seeing Larry Zbysko wrestle a hundred times live and I grew to hate him very deeply- not out of intended HEEL HEAT~! but with sheer annoyance at his matches that consisted of nothing past a bunch of stalling and a crappy finish. The fact that this match happens in roughly the same time period when I would be bored stiff by Zbysko live makes me hate him even more. I always figured he was just really old- he always the aging guy who was the AWA champ when the AWA became a joke, so I cut him some slack and grouped him

with other aging non-workers that would pop up occasionally in the NWA-cum-WCW era of Richmond Coliseum house show attendance. The fact that I paid good money to see wrestling every month and that Zbysko mailed that motherfucker in every time I ever saw him makes far madder now that I see that if he wasn't such lazy motherfucker, he could actually work at that same time period. The story is that Zbysko and Arn Anderson broke Windham's hand and after a series of comical WCW backstage moves it winds up being this match for the blow-off. The Steve Austin of this era created the kneeless Austin of this era- as he would take big bumps and sacrificed his body. Dustin was a really good worker by this point and was fired up by being the tag partner of absolute superworker Barry Windham. Steve Austin is a great wrestler and this is his physical prime but he can't hold a candle to Windham at this point. The story of the match makes for older version of the Southern tag match. before the Midnight Express vs Rock and Roll Express match became the prototype, there was a time when heels had to sell a ton of offense and make a few comebacks- as opposed to the cut-and-dried Ricky Morton Selling until the final comeback formula. The story of Windham hating Zbysko's fat old ass and wanting to beat the shit out of him from get go makes it more freestyle and deeper than your usual US tagmatch from the period. The bell rings and Windham starts in with his elaborate punches and Zbysko sells them like Brute Bernard- his tights pulled up over his navel to make him look like even more of bitter old bastard. Austin comes off the top early and takes a Lariat to the stomach and Austin takes a toprope axe-handle to the ribs and a great big man dropkick. The story gives Zbysko and Austin the first transition to offense- as Windham throws Austin into Austin's corner to get Zbysko in the ring. Zbysko goes all 1970s heel with the eye rake out of the tie and his karate kick. Windham cuts him off outside by powering out of Piledriver and hits a western Lariat, pulls Zbysko at two and starts punching him in the face. Zbysko takes the DDT like RVD with an AARP card and Zbysko is rocking it in this. He sells the offense like king- as he bumps all around the ring to the lateral suplexes and body slams betwixt Windham and Rhodes superficially working on breaking Zbysko's hand. Austin save Zybsko from a piledriver and they make their first heel comeback after the ref is distracted and Windham flies over the top rope to the floor. Windham sells the heel assbeating like young Dick Murdock. Windham just bumps like a fucking maniac, missing a lariat and going shoulderfirst to the mat. Here they go to straight Southern Tag style where Austin and Zbysko just beat on Windham while Dustin riles the crowd to heat up his comeback. It's old school kicks and punches, vertical suplex to set up the chinlock. Windham suplexes out of a chinlock and a sleeper but the heel always makes the cuts off the tag. Windham makes an early tag and Dustin is actually fun on ioffense- hitting a elbow drop and Dustin takes the big bump doing 460 sell of the Austin lariat. Thus we have the second heat segment- this time on Dustin- as they are setting up what the crowd wants as the finish- Windham saving Dustin and beating the hell out of Zbysko. Dustin sells being dead just as well as Windham and is really fun hitting a big running crossbody before being cut off. Dustin counters a vertical suplex but Zbysko grapevines his legs so he can't reach across the ring. Austin does uses the leverage of the ropes to drive the fans mad with rage until he hits a Hotshot to set up Windham making the hot tag to start beating the crap out of Zbysko, setting up a Superplex, but Zbysko powers out. Dustin pushes Zbysko off the top to the mat and Barry kills him with a toprope Western Lariat for the pin.

This is good match. Zbysko is baffling good bumping all over the ring for Windham. Windham shows why he is one of the Great Wasted Talents of Pro Wrestling as the wimmens and the whiskey would reduce him being a marginal wrestler within three years of this match. You could pretty much say the same about Dustin Rhodes except replace "wimmens and the whiskey" with "bad gimmick and Gino's piza rolls". I would have probably liked this if it was more of a actual grudge match with blood and revenge- because you don't really leave with a feeling of Zbysko getting his just desserts. He broke Windham's hand, Windham escapes with a pin. Instead you get a really cool variation on the Southern tag with four guys who could build up the crowd to a suitable pop, two faces who could sell masterfully and two heels who weren't afraid to bump for the babyfaces. I'll settle for it. They needed a Zbysko vs Windham Texas Deathmatch to follow this up.

~!~

Jardi Frantz vs. Bobby Quance – All Pro Wrestling (3/29/02 – Internet Worldwide Championship)
(RIPPA)

We continue with the stepped up production values as we still have the play by play and the fancy dancy opening graphics. This is my first time seeing Quance. I am guessing he is one of the new Boot Camp guys (like James Choi) but I could be wrong. Quance has the kicker boots and the very close to indecent blue pants. There is plenty of nice arm work at the beginning of the match that I am digging so much more right now then the stunt shows. Ah – somewhere TomK dry heaves as we have a MIRROR SEQUENCE~! My only real problem with Jardi's work in these matches is that he is still seems uncomfortable with the shoot stuff that he has added to his offense. A lot of that is probably because he often will attempt to use more elaborate submissions - all of which he still has some problems applying. Thus the moves get a little balky at times. Its not as if he has to bring a cheat sheet into the ring showing him how to do a figure four or anything. Just a little something to look for in his matches. This is what the kids like to call a glorified squash as we have Jardi dominating the young Quance. I have zero problems with Quance's work – though I didn't get to see much of his offense yet. His most impressive move was a T-Bone suplex (including neat battle to get the move off.) He did have a sweet looking tope con hilo that would have been even better if Frantz had actual remembered to catch him. Oh, I take that back, my biggest problem with Jardi is that he should know better than to repeat a spot THREE times – as that is how many times he attempts an Asai Moonsault before the ropes finally cooperate. HOLD UP! I take that back. Quance's most impressive move is this freaky somersault Northern Lights Suplex thingy. Sadly, a few too many moves should have been the finish weren't the finish. Still, both men did some fine fine work. I love me some internet wrestling.

~!~

Jun Akiyama vs. Yuji Nagata - New Japan
(by RASMUSSEN)

Editor's Note: Dean went insane with his scanner. We hope this all works and only crashes 30% of the computers trying to access this. Click each image for the bandwidth killing behemoth.



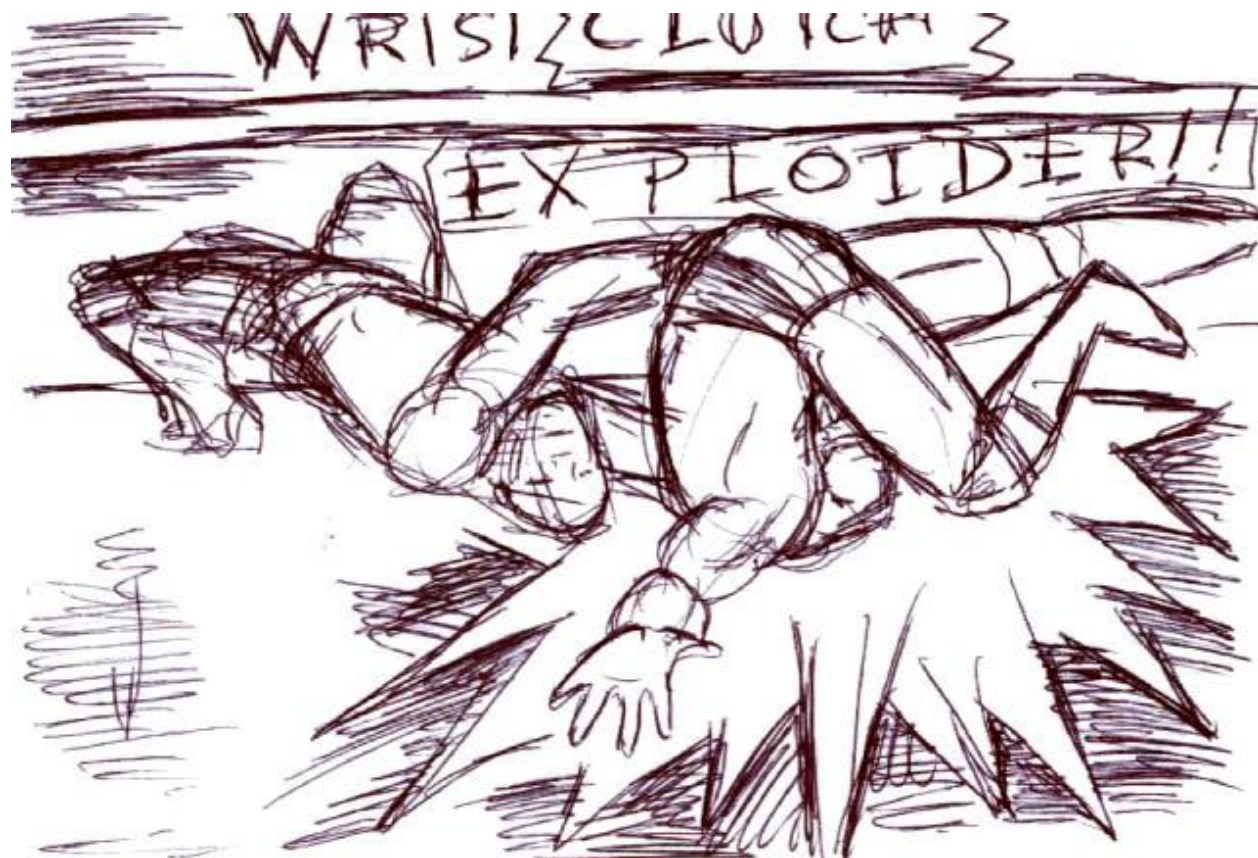
AKIYAMA'S EVIL RICK FLAIR ROBE ALLOWS HIM TO SELL LIKE A DICK.

MEANWHILE

AKIYAMA - FEMORAL THE CAT JOBBY - WHO KNOW? NO! WCU
 STARTS W/ KICKS TO KNUCKLE LOCK TO BOTH
 FEIGNING GIVING SHIT ABOUT LEGIT AMAT BGT!
 NAGATA MAKES W/ KICKS - AKIYAMA TO FLOOR AND
 THIS IS AHEAD BALLS OUT! AKIYAMA'S SELLING IS
 BETTER BECAUSE EVIL ROBE MAKES FOR MORE
 SELF-ASSURED SELLING. THE ROBE IS THE
 KEY! - THEY HIT MAT. NAGATA W/ GNARLEY CROSSIT
 TO SETUP CAB ATTEMPT. AKIYAMA TAKES THE
 SHOOTSTYLE LIKE A MUTHAFUKKA. FAT ASS
 ELBOWS SET UP NAGATA KICKING HIM IN
 HEAD TO SETUP ANNOYING AT DOUBLE
 EXPLODER NO-SELL/THE SELL. NAGATA
 W/ FRONT CHORE AS AKI SHOTS FOR
 VERTICAL BASE & AKI HITS POPES NAGATA
 W/ PILEDRIVER AND WE HEAD INTO
 GIGANTON HIGH SPOT SECTION OF
 MATCH. AKI FIGHTS POWERBOMB TAKES
 FAC PILE DRIVER.

THAT'S THE WAY IT IS. IT'S FUNNY BECAUSE IT LOOKS
DID IT -- IT WOULD BE "SLOPPY" IF YOU HAD
LOWKI. AND EVERYBODY KNOWS ON LOWKI
DICK HATES THIS MATCH - WHICH IS FUNNY
SINCE THIS IS WHAT LOW-KI MATCHES
ARE LIKE TOO. AKI W/ TOMBSTONE ON
FLOOR. AKI w/ HIGH KNEE INTO SUPLEX
ATTEMPT. NAG B Z E FOR TRANS.
AKI REVERSES ^{EXPLOID} TO CCF UNTIL NAG HITS
ROPE - STOMPING, KICKING, HIGH KNEES, NAG AT
2 COUNT OFF KICKING AKI STOMACH.
OWN CCF w/ 1st AS STRETCHING.

KICKING - AKI - BUSTING. AKI } SELL
SINK IN CHOKER. CAB BY NAG } LINE
TRADE SUBMS. BIG HI-IMP SUPLEXES } LARGER
w/ AT SELLING IN BETWEEN. AKI FAT ASS } MATCH
BRAINBUSTED KILLS NAG w/ WRIST CLUTCH EXPL



THE MOST DRAWN OUT REVIEW EVER FINALLY GETS ROLLING AGAIN!

EAGLE PRO CRUISERWEIGHT TOURNEY (7/23/2000)

Heaven (Zipang) vs Violence Revenger (SPWC)

(RASMUSSEN)

Heaven blasts out of the firmament like a FIREBALL FROM THE DEPTHS OF HELL- his heavenly body being half the mass of a human body but a MILLION times more powerful! Violence Revenger was sent by the Sentinel Overlord Council of Kra-GOR from the outer rims of Orion to DESTROY the being called HEAVEN! The ring is tranformed from the molten lava pit of the fourth moon of Jupiter into a wrestling ring in a gym in Japan on a measly planet called EARTH! Overlord Juno checks heavens winged feet for greases or any loading devices or foriegn objects. Heaven swoops down and pelts REVENGER with SHOULDERBLOCKS OF LIVING HELL! Revenger is powerful- MORE POWERFUL THAN HEAVEN COULD EVER IMAGINE! They endanger the pathetic mortals who are trapped at ringside as these cosmic foes begin blasting each other with deadly solar BLASTS- AS THEY CRASH THROUGH THE CHAIRS!! Revenger draws Heaven back into the ring and keeps him close, crushing him with elbows. Heaven summons the strength of his heavenly power source- Pulsar QWYX12!- and blasts Revenger's face into the unforgiving mat. Heaven does a MindScope of Violence Revenger and discovers that he is susceptible of a very obscure fighting style of a master ninja named Dos Caras who lives a sequestered life in the Sierra Madre Orientale mountain range in Mexico. Heaven utilizes an intricate grappling hold concocted by the Mexican druid to stun the alien sentinel avenger and then DESTROYS him by driving his head backwards into the CRAGGY ROCK FILLED MAT! Heaven is sullen as he looks over the sizzling corpse of Violence Revenger. The skies open up and the clouds part. Heaven ascends to his home in the celestial lockerroom- where he will take a shower and get his 25 bucks.

NEXT TIME: REVIVAL! PUERTO RICO! THE EAGLE PRO CRUISER TOURNEY CONTINUES!

AND THE REQUESTS KEEP COMING!

THE DEATH VALLEY PLAYBOYS

Two Fists for Right Now